

Soap, Diet and Exercise.

A Combination of the Three Brings the Fattest of Figures Down to Symmetrical Proportions.

"Give me a woman who is not the slave of the bon-bon, soda water and chicken pate habit, and he her weight will be sure to be superfluous flesh, but to make her as lean and healthy as a bird in the process."

That is what the woman in the panne velvet gown said to her friend when they met while out calling the other day.

The friend looked reproachfully over her triple chin at the panne velvet gown and remarked: "I suppose that's a joke, or, if you are going to advance some such advice as skipping rope, running a carpet sweeper, or walking a day to the top of a ten-story tower, please don't. I've tried all of those schemes and grew fat on them, as well as losing a good digestion and lots of valuable time. Remedies for women of your waist measure, which I should guess to be about twenty-two inches, can hardly apply to me."

"Two years ago," solemnly averred the panne velvet's owner, "I typed the bones at 125 pounds with the brightest prospect of running rapidly up to the 200 mark. I had a long line of fat grandmothers and aunts, and there was not a flesh erasing scheme that I had not tried with discouraging results. I was on the point of resigning every hope of preserving my girlhood's throat and waist line when my family physician managed to cure me."

A Frugal Diet.

"Of course he regulated my diet. Excessive flesh is invariably the consequence of excess of irregularity, though one may not be sensible of mal-assimilation, and down on a piece of paper he set a list of foods I could eat with an equally cheerful catalogue of those that were to be avoided. Savory cream, bakers' bread, potatoes, fried foods, grapes, peaches, bananas, beefs, carrots, green peas, and chicken, oatmeal, green vegetables, cooked in cream and water with meals were all absolutely prohibited. One cup of coffee with milk in it, none of whose bread, one egg and an orange was what he gave me for my breakfast, alternated with fish, toast and when I cried out for a change. At luncheon I was allowed to eat eggs or fish or a wee bit of roast fowl with butterless bread, green salad minus oil or cream in the dressing and a plain boiled green vegetable, seasoned with salt. For dinner I took calves, oysters, fish without sauce, green vegetables, salad dressing with salt and vinegar, a scrap of pretty well done beef, when I wanted of fish, and apples or oranges for dessert. I was allowed celery, radishes, olives, salt fish, plenty of gluten bread, without butter, a little wine, but not a crumb of cake, not a sugar plum, not a drop of soup and not a taste of water."

"One and a half or two hours after each one of my frugal meals I was told to stretch my chaste stomach with long draughts of perfectly pure water. Neither cold nor hot, but at a temperature of about sixty-eight, and under pain of immediate weight, I was directed to walk four miles a day, a mile more if I liked, but not a half a mile less, as I hoped to be saved from a fat middle age."

Regular Exercise.

"The conditions looked hard, but the doctor was firm and I was ambitious for a twenty-two-inch waist, so after a little flinching for softer terms of self-denial, I went seriously into training. I was advised to walk a mile in the morning, and I agreed. Every day, rain or shine, and in spite of clamorous committees and tyrannical dressmakers, I took from the breakfast table, arrayed in my short skirt, and tramped off the four miles. Finding home I sat down and spent fifteen minutes drinking a full pint and a half of water that had been boiled and set away in a bottle to cool, or I took Sacatoga Kissengen one day and Valerian the next."

"By my watch I timed myself for the potatoes due after luncheon and dinner, and I am proud to say I never missed the two brimming goblets."

A Beautiful Reduction.

"After two months of this treatment I began to feel distinctly slimmer. On weighing I found I had lost only five pounds, my gowns were as tight of fit as ever and my chin as richly luxuriant. That was a discouraging outlook, but I grasped again at hope, when the doctor bade me go on. 'It will take you all of a year and a half,' he said, 'to get rid not only of the accumulated fat, but to correct the tendency of your digestive system to convert four-fifths of everything you eat into loose masses of fat.'"

"I took heart of grace; tedious as the process was I kept on, and now I feel free to say that the reason nine-tenths of the stout women fail in their endeavors to remove their flesh is because they demand immediate rewards for their efforts, and finding they do not become appreciably thinner in a month or six weeks, relapse to a normal diet or grasp at some new device for reduction."

"I firmly determined I would see the cure out, and my determination was strengthened, first by the doctor's assurance that the slow process of reduction is the one and only one that neither injures the digestion nor wrinkles the skin. A vigorous exercise, he said, fails to tell on a woman, just as unavoidable starvation does; over-exercise makes her look hard and haggard, and the continuous use of hot or cold baths will permanently injure the most nervous and smoothest skin. I've seen those methods tried; in fact, I've tried some of them myself. So I stood firm for my daily walk and my frugal but abundant meals, beside."

"And here the voice dropped to a whisper, 'I used a reduction soap with desire to be forewarned of its effects.'"

A French Cure.

"What do you mean?" answered the doctor of the fur coat, in a hushed voice. "Why, have you never heard of the French pouxade that the models and the ballet girls in Paris and some of our own actresses use? Really, it is wonderful. Two a friend on the stage, who actually lost weight during the season, is obliged to eat the most nourishing food in order to keep her figure up, and yet manages never to let her figure run out of bounds. When I sighed over her luck in escaping flesh, she said it wasn't 'tick at all, but soap suds, and she gave me a cake of pouxade to try. Just a piece of white roll done up in tin foil, looking for all the world like a Newfatchal cheese. Night and morning I was to make a lather from this and rub it over my skin, massaging it gently on my chin, my upper arm and my hips, where the soft flesh collects in spite of one."

"I was directed to keep the lather moist for some minutes and then wash it off, and in a month look for results. In less than a week, I gave you my word, I could see that the flesh was going, and when two months passed over my head I had a chin to be proud of, a pair of arms in perfect proportion to the rest of my body, and I hardly dare tell you how many inches I could take in my stay laces at the hip line. I had used four cakes of pouxade with not a wrinkle nor a discoloration to show, but a complexion as smooth as a baby's, and though I have no idea just what the ingredients of the soap are, they act nevertheless as a powerful solvent of the jelly-like

fat that lies at the base of the skin's pores."

"That," proudly, "is you see the way I dropped off thirty-nine pounds of fat in a year and a half and kept my health and spirits, my appetite and my complexion the while, and today I can join my fellow woman in a cup of creamy tea, munch a cake, nibble a bon-bon and fear the consequences no more than if I were a young greyhound built thing of 16."

FANNY ENDERS.

GERM PROOF HOSPITAL.

St. Louis to Have a Stairless, Cornerless One.

(New York Journal.)

St. Louis is to have a germ-proof hospital, the first of its kind ever built. There will not be a crack or corner in the whole building in which a germ or speck of dirt can rest.

Bacteria, microbes and the other insidious agents of disease will be fought scientifically. The patients will find the institution stairless. This feature is now in hospital building and very necessary. It is necessary for attendants to go from one floor to another or for patients to be moved, gradual inclines will go away with the labor of climbing steps.

It will be impossible for dust to find lodgment in this institution. The floors, ceilings and corners of the rooms and hallways will be covered or rounded at the corners and floors. There will be no friar's crevices for the dust to settle in. This, too, is a new feature. It excludes the cleaning of a room and insures the absolute removal of the most minute particle of dirt and dust.

The system of sterilization to be used will be extensive and complete. It will embrace even the laundry. Every drop of water, hot or cold, will be thoroughly sterilized. There will be the latest invention for the sterilization of the clothes of the surgeons and nurses, as well as for all bandages and instruments. In a machine capable of having live steam at a temperature of 100 degrees turned on must everything go. There will be absolutely no chance for any germ to live or be conveyed by contact.

A National Leader.

(Philadelphia Times.)

Mr. Bryan's tour of the country, which is now nearly ended, has been the most remarkable ever made by a

presidential candidate, or by anybody else. Candidates have before now gone from place to place, making speeches on the way, but the extent of this tour, the range of territory covered and the number and variety of the speeches made, surpass all precedent.

But this is not what has made Mr. Bryan's tour so extraordinary. In mere physical endurance it is possible that Mr. Roosevelt has equaled him. But it is questionable how far Mr. Roosevelt has helped his cause and reasonably certain that he has made less impression toward the close of his tour than he made at the outset. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, has grown continually from the time he started out from his home to the time that he returns to it. He has made no mistakes, has never lowered his standard, talking continuously, he has talked always to the purpose, and has kindled an enthusiasm that has increased and spread as he went along, till what seemed a hazardous experiment has resulted in a triumphal progress.

The leadership accorded Mr. Bryan among those who knew him best was manifest in his nomination, but in the country at large, and particularly in the east, it was accepted with hesitancy. All such hesitation has disappeared under the sway of his inspiring presence and he goes back now to Nebraska an acknowledged and acclaimed leader of the people, to await in confidence their call to the highest responsibility and the greatest honor that can be accorded to any man, when bestowed by the free choice of a free people.

The Very Latest.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Sunday school Teacher-God first made the world, and all the beasts, and the birds. Now, what was the last thing He created?

Willie Green-Why, I guess it's the brand-new baby that came to our house Friday. I ain't heard of anything later.

A Brilliant Success.

(Pittsburgh Courier.)

A-How did your automobile journey turn out?

B-Beautifully! Although I ran over two pedestrians and three bicycles and knocked two wagons into a ditch, my motor was not at all injured and I arrived just on time.

It Does.

(Exchange.)

"Does hanging prevent murder?" is a question which agitates the society for the abolition of capital punishment.

"Yes, it does. Cases are very rare where a man commits murder after he has been hanged once or twice."

ROYAL BREAD.

None as Good.

Better.

See Mehesy the Furrier for furs. Knutsford.

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A Letter from Thanks.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 7, 1900.

Mr. O. F. Woodward-Dear Sir:-For the past two years I have been troubled greatly with a redness of my skin and a great number of pimples on my face. I tried almost everything under the sun to rid myself of these disorders, but nothing did me any good until I got a package of Lane's Tea. I have used it for two weeks steady, and my complexion is as clear as a mirror and my skin as white as snow.

MRS. E. R. THOMAS, 272 1/2 Oak St.

For sale by Godbe-Pitts Drug company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Had Tried It.

(Washington Star.)

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "are you a socialist?"

"What is your definition of a socialist?" inquired Meandering Mike, cautiously.

"It's one of dem guys dat thinks the government orke take hold an pervade folks wit' everyting dey eat an wear."

"Was the positive answer, 'I had six months' government ratione when I was to jail. Dere ain't enough pie in it.'"

The Population of Salt Lake City

is about 65,000, and we would say at least one-half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price, 25c and 50c. Trial size free. For sale by Godbe-Pitts Drug company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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for furs. Knutsford.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure.

Included Bridget.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Mrs. Subbubs (prompting)-Amen! Now

to sleep.

Little Elsie-But I'm not through yet.

Mrs. Subbubs-Yes, you are. You said

"God bless mamma and papa," and all that rest.

Little Elsie-But I want to say, "God

bless Bridget, and make her a good girl,

so she can stay a few days."

Force of Habit.

Elsie-Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and a lovely fellow, but awfully absent minded.

Ada-Indeed?

Elsie-Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he fell and asked me to

put out my tongue.

Ada-Well, he won't do the latter again.

\$20.00 Silk-covered Down Quilts, on

sale at \$14.95.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

L. & A. COHN, 222-224 Main Street.

Children's White Silk Bonnets.

We have received another lot of those

dainty White Silk Bonnets in plain

and fancy. These are all samples

from one of the largest New York

makers. The regular selling price of

these beautiful bonnets would be

from \$1.00 to \$2.50 apiece. We are

able to sell them

at 55c to \$1.00

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